A PAGE FOR WOMEN AND THE HOME

THE DAILY **SHORT STORY**

EVELYN'S HOLIDAY

(By IZOLA FORRESTER.)

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**Memory Syndicate Newspaper Syndicate.

**HERE are you going over Labor Day, Miss Bennett?"

The little fluffy haired

ear the window was always asking impromptu questions more or less em barrassing.

Evelyn colored ever so slightly as she bent to sign the last batch of let-

"I hardly think I shall get away. I am taking home some new estimates to ge over."
"You're an amount country."

"You're an awful goose to work so hard. You don't get any thanks for it, I can tell you that right now. I heard-Mr. Dorrance tell Jimmie you were working yourself to death and you'd die in harness in the forties. You bet I won't." She ran her fingers through

her pretty curls daintily. "I'm going to Lake Lorraine on an excursion." "Excursions are very dangerous," said Evelyn, a bit coldly. "I don't like crowds."

"Don't you? I love them. And I love it when the band plays and the boat starts away from the dock. It just thrills you. I can ride on a ferry boat and almost make believe I'm going to

After the others had left the office Evelyn sat at her desk as usual, going over the last duties of the day when the office was quiet. And somehow the words of the little stenographer kept recurring to her. Was she wrong to let life slip by without any real fun? She was 27, private secretary to Gates Waring, the civil engineer. He was out of town a great deal of the time, and left the detail of the office to her absolutely. Long-distance tele-phoning, night letters—these had been the sources of communication between them. Now and then he came into the she had prepared, gave orders, and was gone again. Some of his own fe-verish energy seemed transmitted to those who worked for him. Evelyn liked to think she was essential to him. Yet his words were always few had always had a dread of action. She had always had a dread of action. and impersonal. It was more his man-

"When I get here," he had told her once, "I always feel rested up a bit." You take so much off my shoulders, Miss Bennett."

He was on his way north now, she knew. A wire that morning stated he would leave Washington Monday mornling: The office would be closed Labor
Day. She had plenty of opportunity to
go away for the day. And, before she
knew it, she had begun to plan. There
were so many places she might go to. were so many places she might go to.
relatives who lived out of town and friends, too. But some way she wanted to find that zest and thrill the stenographer had told her of. She ways ed to be in a crow.

ographer had told her of. She wanted to be in a crowd.

She left the office and rode uptown, stopping in at a tempting little shop open evenings on upper Broadway. It was the last breath of summer, and they were closing out their suits and they were closing out their suits and they were closing out their suits and coats. She chose a dark blue slik suit made on loose sport lines and a hat to match, a nobby sailor shape in handsweed slik, with a gull's wing sweep was endangering his own life from the coats. She could see a man's figure now moving down in the twisted jammed mass, the man who was endangering his own life from was endangering his own life from was endangering his own life from the coats.

The next morning early, she found herself on a jammed platform in Jersey, waiting for the excursion cars to be opened up. She had a ride of an hour, then a wonderful trip on a like, and hours to spare on the veranda of a big hotel. And already she had found the thrill of hampiness staying away to forward and it a sound of his voice she that the thrill of hampiness staying away. in the holiday throng. Only the lone-liness bothered her. Every one else

grown larger, or at least they seem so. Dick said yesterday there was a look of mystery in them as though I could see more of life than most peo-

ple.
"I shall have to be very good indeed,
Margie," he said "for I am sure you
will be reading my very soul every
day."

Poor old Dick! As though I had not

read his soul for years! If I had not we would not be living together today

we would not be living together today. I know Dick is not bad. He does noe mean to hurt me. He just forgets, that is all—forgets everyone in the world but himself and every thing but the pleasure of the moment—He is very devoted to me—now that I am setting well.

Little book, that sentence is not as brutal as it looks on paper. When Dick could do nothing but see that I was comfortable, he wanted to put the disquieting thought of me out of his mind as much as possible.

Now that there is certainly that I will soon be "like other women," I do not get on his nerves any more. Sometimes, little book. I think that is one of the reasons why most men are successful. Hardly one of them allows

cessful. Hardly one of them allows himself to dwell on the disagreeable things of life. Men seem to realize life is too short to waste in vain re-

Sometimes, however, it looks as if they were hunting trouble, not for themselves but for the women who are interested in them. You see, little

OLD AND NEW IDEAS COMBINED IN GOWN.



SMART AFTERNOON GOWN, combining new ideas and features similar to those in vogue several years ago. Note the full, puffed sleeves and the pannier effect in the back, dropping away to a semi-train. The gown is made of black French faille, embroidered with emerald beads, with faced back of French blue. The over-skirt is of black striped net. The sleeves are trimmed in the san material.

The hat is black pan velvet, with grass green tulle crown. Fashion decrees that the smartly dressed woman this fall must carry a long swagger stick, as shown in the picture.

> "Do you know where there's fresh water?" "There's a brook right in the field

> here," called out a boy from the neigh-borhood. "I'll show you."

She followed Waring to it helped him as he knelt down to bathe his face, and tried to bandage his hands with strips of torn-up handkerchiefs. And while they stayed there, the

whistle of the excursion train sound-

"I haven't anything on it," Evelyn

Suffragists Are

came the long, shrill whistle again and of amused contentment with life in again from the engine and the grinding general.

"It isn't our train," somebody near said after the brakeman had passed "The Washington express hit a freight." Evelyn heard and rose. Of course it could not be his train, and still she

found herself moving along with the crowd in the aisles down the car length, out on in platform, down be side the track.

match, a nobby sallor snape in many sewed silk, with a gull's wing sweeping up in a line of defiance from one side, a beautiful, pointed silver-gray live wires on the big electric engine. The thrill of it all, the actual contact the live wires on the big electric engine.

the thrill of happiness, starting away ran forward, ran like a child up to where he stood with both arms held

shed somebody with her.

She had brought some magazines to read on the train. It must have been three-quarters of an hour before there to look at her with his curious smile

not conscious of the old thrill.

I like him, little book, but. honestly,

I cannot get up any emotional interes

Yellerday I bagan to walk! I feel | book, most women take men serious

Ye. Arday I bagan to walk! I feel I am going over on my head every lime I take a step.

But oh, little book, I know nothing in this world can make me unhappy again. I was wheeled down the corridors of the hospital, and I saw many unfortunate ones. Everyone had pain writ large on her face. The drawn looks shocked me and I went back to my room and looked at myself in the glass.

book, most women take men serious-ly-werk, very seriously—and men only take one thing in this whole world seriously—work.

No, little book, I am not trying to make excuses for Dick. I don't want to make excuses for him, for I am afraid when a woman tries to justify the actions of her husband she does not love him any more.

This, little book, is the secret gnawself in the glass.

back to my room and looked at mypelf in the glass.

Yes, there it was—the little line at
the corner of the mouth that indicates
worry due to bodily ills. My eyes have
to lift me from bed to the chair, I am

in him.

said. "Never mind if it does go with

said. "Never mind if it does go without me. I was just going up to the
lake for the day. You know I—I had
never been away on a holiday and I
wanted to try it. But I'll stay with
you now. I think you need me.".
"I think I always need you," Waring answered quickly. "It will be
hours before they clear away that
wreckage. Let's picnic by ourselves
over here. If I go back they'll want
to do the hero act over me because I to do the hero act over me because I got that poor devil out. I'd rather

Evelyn never forgot that day. They found a walk up through the fields that led to a ridge of woodland. Dinner was eaten at a little farmhouse-broiled chicken and late corn and apple ple with whipped cream on it. Waring smiled contentedly at her as they sat out on the honevauckle cov ered side porch afterward and he

"This is the happiest holiday I've ever had. I'd like to buy this farm and keep it." "What for?" Evelyn leaned forward

her hair rumpled and wavy around her flushed, happy face. And he answered deliberately, "For

She did not speak.
"Would you like it, Evelyn? Don't
you think we deserve a real holiday,

"Don't you think that after you get back to town you'll be sorry you said that?" She asked it slowly, trying to

"Dear, I've been intending to say it for ever so long, but I never seemed to find the time, and you were always busy. Maybe this is what holidays are for."

HEALTH HINTS

The average person has little idea of the nutritive value of the things he eats. He does not know his food should

be combined in quantity or element or how it should be varied to give him the best return. As a rule he just stumbles along blindly following his appetite which is often an unsafe guide because improperly trained.

as elsewhere, and burden the heart in nourishing it. It is also very apt to disturb digestion. Those with stomach trouble will often benefit by resorting to a carefully selected meat

meat or portein diet overworks the eliminating organs and brings on de-generation of the heart, blood vessels and kidneys, with high blood pressure.

"Miracle" Women

We have all heard of the "miracle" men in base ball management

those men who take a club of mediocre players and, by the force of their personality and their indomitable wills, lead them on to glorious victory.

postage bills, are staggering. Nevertheless, up to this time, they have

GIRLS RIVALS IN CREATION OF NEW DESIGNS ON LEGS



At bathing beaches where painted properly trained.

An excessive diet of carbohydrates or starches, if digested, will run to excessive tat about the heart, as well excessive tat about the heart, as well the one shown here, are popular. Pictures of animals and flowers are also

> This leads to Bright's disease and premature old age. Forty inches about the waist in a

er 20 or 50 years old, is a procine pro-

If he is not lazy, his energy runs to pushing a pen, eating enough for two and "sitting tight." He rides to and from his office, behind a chauffeur if

Ten to one he has to consult a doc-tor suddenly, some day for gall stones, kidney stones, right's disease or other serious trouble, such men generally spend the last 10 years of

None that is certain; as a precau-tion wash the mouth with a 2-per cent solution of peroxide in water; also those men who take a club of mediocre players and, by the force of their personality and their indomitable wills, lead them on to glorious victory. But it took the present campaign by the women of the West Virginia Equal Suffrage Association to show that even a greater miracle is possible.

Anyone who has ever had experience of a state-wide campaign in West Virginia knows that it is expensive. Money fades away like the proverbial snowball in the nether regions. The legitimate expenses of such a campaign are enormous. Faced with such a fight; with a treasury as empty as Mother Hubbard's cupboard, the women of the Association have accomplished wonders. The expenses of the speakers, the rent bills, the postage bills, are staggering. Nevertheless up to this time, they have spray the nose with it. In case of any strange symptom whatever, see a phy-

Uncie _pen. "Givin' advice," said Uncle Eben, "is often a roundabout way of hintin' to a man dat you don't think he's got as much sense as you have."

been met somehow. A large part of the routine work and all of the executive labor has been done by volunteers who have devoted from ten to sixteen hours a day to this labor of love. None of the officers or members of the State of ganizations not of the affiliated bodies in the counties and cities is receiving a single cent of compensation. On the contrary when the bills come in they are hald from the slender purses of the workers. Do the men of this Mountain State think this sacrifice should continue longer? Is it not a reflection on the spirit of fair play which we know prevails in this State? Your patriotic blood should make you resolve to easily them in presenting their side of the question. They at least have carned the right to have their right to the ballot decided at the polls. They cannot properly present their side of the question to the voters without the money to make their propagands known to the male electorate. There are enough men in this State who believe in fair play to give them a chance to make known their right to the franchise and thus relieve the women of their financial worries. Let every such man, then, fill dut the coupon below and mail it together with a check to the Treasurer of the West Virginia Equal Suffrage Association. Fairmont Folk In

Atlantic City can get their favorite home pa-

The West Virginian

every day at Bergdoll's News Agency, South Carolina and Atantic avenues.



Evening Chat

Fairmonts firemen are a virile mischevious set of men and when not busy fighting fires can be usually found engaging their active imaginations in the great indoor sport of devising practical jokes on one or more of their members. The more dignified and important the butt of the joke happens to be the more funny it is to the minds of these men.

The latest of these jokes was re sponsible for the statement printed in Saturdays issue of this paper stating that the new fire truck ordered by the city would be delayed in shipment, owing to the impending possibility of the railroad strike, while in fact the truck arrived that very evening. The report was printed in good faith and the reporter who brought the item in was an innocent victim of a fake tele-

One of the firemen at the local sta tion knowing the anxiety of Chief Watkins and several of the other men to receive the new truck which has been on the road for some time, con-ceived the brilliant idea of further baiting the anxious ones by preparing a telegram addressed to Commission er Barnes and purporting to be from the Peerless Motor company in which was stated the nonshipment of the truck. This plausible fake was past-ed where all could see it on the wall of the station, and was responsible for the newspaper report.

Our old friend, "Levi the Umbrella Mender," who is a profound and learned philosopher and a close ob-server of all the various degrees of persons with whom he comes in con-tact in his travels has favored us with the following meditation on the psy-cology of the season and we print it as follows: Fairmont. W. Va., Sept. 4.

EDITOR EVENING CHAT:
The time for the discarding of the summer straw hat is almost here and even now the air of evening has begun to be a bit chilly and reminescent of autumn. With the removal of the autumn. With the removal of the light and unsubstantial covering from most men's heads comes also a change in the character of their thoughts. In most instances the light and unsubstantial nature of their ideas during the heated summer months gives way to a more sober and serious mood, in many instances tinged with regret and worry over the idle folly and the wast-ed time that has passed. A deeper sense of mans responsibility comes which is probably induced by the in-stinct implanted in the very soul of the races living in temperate climates and which prompts us to begin the preparation for the barren winter season.

I think Cardui is the best medical the world. My weight has increased in the preparation for the barren winter season.

dwellers are more apt to do something which seems foolish than are farmers and those who are really busy and actively engaged in the work of laying away their harvest and stor-

Ingrup their resources for the win This is the natural thing to do, we the business man and the office of are under unnatural conditions apt to direct their engeries in of ways. Thus is explained the wan lust which causes many to move seek change in their environm Others seek relief from this rest feeling in consuming great country. feeling in consuming great quoi October Ale and diverse of surcease. Those with lawless cles are more apt to steal or commit crimes against society. Murder b come more frequent and a suicide wave affects the weaker and more de

spondent.

Football_and rough outdoor sports like hunting absorb the greater and gy of the youth and more virile of the older men, while social activity and various propoganda afflict the women. Even I, who am Levi the umbrella mender, am stirred by the change in the air and like the breigh and all nomadic creatures am beginning to follow the fairs to the southward where it is warm and rains during the winter and business. ing the winter and business is in my line.

Sorrowfully yours,

Too Much for Father Miss Pansy Pyetin gave a lunch which was so reshershay that father got stage fright. He put his share of the luncheon in a tin bucket and ate it in the woodshed.

SAVES DAUGHTER

Advice of Mother no Doub vents Daughter's Untimely En-

Ready, Ky.—" I was not able to anything for nearly six mouths," with Mrs. Laura Bratcher, of this piece, "a was down in bed for three months. I cannot tell you how I suffered with my head, and with nervousness as womanly troubles.

Our family doctor told my husband could not do me any good, and he had to give it up. We tried another doct but he did not help me.

At last, my mother advised me to the Cardui, the woman's tonic. I thought was no use for I was nearly dead nothing seemed to do me any good. I took eleven bottles, and now I am at to do all of my work and my owashing.

preparation for the barren winter season.

If you suffer from any of the alimpeculiar to women, get a bottle of carbon.

The manifestation of this instinct and state of mind are of countless variety and cause many men to act in a strange and unusual manner. City dwellers are more apt to do somewhere the country of the strange and unusual manner. City dwellers are more apt to do somewhere the country of the strange of the s At all druggists.

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Light Lunches for home consumption or to take on outlings or to business will be in

order as the weather grows or Many appetite tempters for Many appetite tempters for carrying here—a dozen varieties crackers, and cheeses, potted a sliced meats, sardines, olives, faz jellies and first creamery butter like sandwiches? Here's the sterial for their making.

Chicago Dairy Co

DOINGS OF THE DUFFS-(HOW IS A FELLOW GOING TO TELL WHO'S WHO?)-BY ALLMAN



Miss Carrie C. Zane, Morgantown, W. Va.,

Treasurer of the W. Va. Equal Suffrage Assn.,

Enclosed find (check or money) in the sum of

of the pending campaign for the equal suffrage amendment.

- Dollars as my contribution to the expenses



